

IT IS ALL

soap and its ingredients are absolutely the purest and best to be obtained. It is not a "grease" or "free alkali" or "loaded" soap. It is Soap Perfection. It's the "don't-worry-on-washday" Soap

Sunlight

All This—Costs No More—Only Five Cents.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR LAUNDRY SHAPE

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE WILD WEST SAVAGE

[Original.]

When Major Henderson of the 10th United States cavalry was a second lieutenant serving on what was then always referred to as "the plains" he one day came upon a party of Arapahoe Indians who were about to burn a young Ute at the stake. Indeed the flames were curling about the boy's legs, and he was beginning to feel the agony of burning. Henderson, who had sufficient troopers back of him to warrant interference, dashed in, kicked away the fagots, cut the thongs and set the boy free. Then he took the Indian to camp, where a surgeon dressed his wounds and after his recovery sent him to his tribe.

When Henderson left the army he gathered a number of Indian implements of various kinds, which he took with him to his home. There were blankets, feathers, moccasins, beads, pipes and a few weapons, such as were used before the red man got the rifle, including bows and arrows. These the major hung about the walls of his smoking room, a profusion of curiosities being especially appropriate.

The curiosities were of especial interest to the major's little boy, Russell, who was never so contented as when his father told him stories about them—stories usually invented by the father, for he knew but few incidents connected with them. Nevertheless the yarns delighted the boy, who had all a boy's love for adventure, and when it was announced on the billboards that a wild west show was coming to town Russell Henderson was wild with expectation. His father promised to take him out to see the procession of cowboys, Indians and "plains" people generally enter the city and afterward to give him an opportunity to see the performance.

When the show made its formal entrance the major was standing on the sidewalk, his little boy holding his hand, the youngster's eyes big as saucers and watching eagerly for the Indians. At their passage there was an element of surprise which neither father nor son had counted upon. An Indian suddenly threw himself from his horse, made a dash for the major and, extending his hand, said excitedly:

"How?"

Henderson stood looking blankly at the brave, who explained in a few words that he was the Ute whom the major years before had snatched from the burning. The Indian was so demonstrative, so delighted at meeting the man to whom he owed his life, that the major invited him when not engaged in his duties to come to his house. The invitation was accepted, and the Ute, who was not in good

health, remained after the show had departed. Little Russell was at first very much terrified at him, but when his fright wore off depended upon him for most of his amusement, the Indian telling him more wonderful stories about the decorations of the smoking room than the major had ever dreamed.

Russell became much attached to the Indian, and the Indian, who worshipped the major, seemed eager to give the little fellow all possible pleasure not only from gratitude to the father, but affection for the son. Time slipped by, and the Ute, who was suffering from malaria, remained at the home of his benefactor.

One evening Major Henderson came in before dinner and, going into the smoking room, found the Ute bending over Russell, who was standing near a table on which rested an arrow. Both the boy and the Indian were looking at the tip of one of Russell's fingers. On it was a red spot, about which the Ute was slightly swollen. A terrible anxiety was depicted on the Ute's features. As the major entered the Indian cast a glance at him, then at the arrow on the table, then back at the major.

"You saved me from a torture death. In return I have brought death on your child. That arrow was poisoned; the child in handling it has pricked his finger. He will die."

This was what Major Henderson read in the Ute's face. Then suddenly, without a word, the Indian seized the boy's finger and, placing it between his lips, began to suck the wound, pulling so hard that the child cried out.

The poison was drawn from the wound and, entering the thin coating that lined the Ute's mouth, was quickly absorbed. A doctor was summoned and arrived in a few minutes. He administered a drug to the boy, then advanced to do the same to the Indian. His offer was refused. Indeed by this time, though Russell showed no signs of poisoning, the Ute was giving evidence that the deadly weapon of the savage had entered his system.

He began a low moaning which soon took the form of a chant in a tongue which no one present except the major understood, and even he only here and there caught a few words and expressions. The dying man recited the principal events of his life, dwelling upon his capture and intended burning by his enemies, the young "white brave's" sudden coming and the release. Then he sang of himself cared for when ill by the white brave, his affection for him and his son and the sin of having permitted the child to touch the poisoned arrow. At last the strain grew wild and triumphant as he described the sucking of the wound, the saving of the boy and his own coming death. Here was his satisfaction. He had created a new debt, but he had paid both. Then the song died away as his breath grew slower and longer and at last ceased. He was dead.

MAY ALICE BERESFORD.

WHEN WU SOUGHT DEATH.

Government Scientist Says Ex-Chinese Minister Gave Up Hope.

One of the United States government's scientists who recently returned from the orient is authority for the statement that Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the astute and popular diplomatist, who preceded the present Chinese minister, once attempted to commit suicide in a fit of depression because he believed he was not succeeding in the world, says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Wu, it is declared, in spite of his savoir faire, his extraordinary good nature and his deep philosophy, which made him famous here and in Europe, nevertheless once tried the aristocratic Chinese method of suicide by gold foil, but fortunately for his country and the world he did not succeed.

In his younger days, before the honor of being a diplomat at Washington was heaped upon Mr. Wu, he was a Chinese barrister in only tolerably good circumstances. Discouragements came, and it was then the brilliant Celestial

grew weary of life and tried to die. The gold foil did not work, though it is generally disastrous, and Mr. Wu lived to enjoy the sensation he had created, for he was even then sufficiently well known to have the matter well aired.

An effort of this kind did not deter him from a brilliant success as a diplomat, and his only other tendency toward a quicker route than the natural one to the great future was when he chose to pose before a mirror in American store clothes just to see how it looked and felt or sought a dip at Atlantic City in an American bathing suit. In fact, whatever may have cast the temporary cloud over Mr. Wu's early career, he is especially beloved by the average Celestial in his own country, and his effort to end his life is not taken as a sign of cowardice, but as a piece of characteristic Chinese stoicism.

F. M. Messenger, a mill agent in Grosvenordale, Conn., at \$15,000 per year, has given up his work to preach the "holiness" doctrine.

Slayer Of Men

Reminiscences of Desperate Battles of the Texas Rangers.

How the Notorious Padre Jarante Got His Deserts—A Brush With a Band of Comanches.

In a comfortable, well appointed office on one of the upper floors of a New York skyscraper a remarkable old gentleman engaged in the laudable business of insuring people's lives with an ample margin for his own needs may be seen every day. Time was when he was engaged in taking men's



A CHALLENGE TO BATTLE.

lives at the risk of his own instead of preparing families for emergencies when the grim visitor calls the head of a home. The colonel, for such is his title, gained as a commander of the Texas rangers, grew reminiscent recently and related some of his experiences on the border.

"I accompanied Captain Hayes on his raid against the notorious priest leader of Mexicans, Padre Jarante, in all the history of outlawry perhaps the most skillful in the business of fighting and deviltry. We chased after the leader for two days and without knowing it passed him, so that when we got to San Juan he was behind us. But we were tired out for want of two nights' sleep, and we stripped our horses and ate and went to sleep, never expecting trouble.

About sunrise we were awakened by warning shouts and cries and the firing of shots. We grasped our revolvers and carbines and hastened to the windows. The five men on outpost had stood their ground and had gone under. One, lying wounded on an elbow, was still pouring a galling fire into the ranks of the enemy until the butt of a rifle was laid over his head. Three times the padre charged us, and three times he was repulsed by our fire, and the third time he was keeled off his horse dead.

"All of these were interesting fights, but the most desperate, I think, came when one of our lieutenants, Edward Burlison, was ordered to hand one of our Indian prisoners over to the authorities at Fort McIntosh. I was in the party detailed to accompany the lieutenant, and on the way back, nearing the Nueces river we spied a couple of Indians. I was also one of seven chosen by the lieutenant to capture the Indians, while the remainder of the detachment continued along the road.

"The red fellows, however, had set a trap. Steadily the others of our command proceeded, leaving us to settle with the pair discovered, until finally we were out of earshot of one another. We dug bravely after the two Indians. The two suddenly turned into fourteen, and they were ready and waiting for us when we crossed the brow of a hillock which had concealed the snare. There was neither time nor necessity for retreat, however. We got the order to dismount, and it came so quick and fast while we were riding at top speed that I remember my horse went back on his haunches, cutting the same in the effort to stop short. Then from the middle of our circle of horses we opened fire with the Colt's six shooting rifles. We killed every Indian except one that got away to spread the whole some tale, but the fellows had charged us so closely that several of them lying prostrate we could have touched with our rifle butts without moving from where we stood.

"In 1858 I had worked up the line to a captaincy and was then with the frontier battalion of state troops, with a headquarters camp at Deer fork, on the Brazos. The Comanches had been particularly active. They would swoop down on the white settlements and after working stealthily within the white lines would run off, driving stolen stock and killing and burning all within range. So we decided to give them a

dose of their own medicine, and we took a wagon loaded with fifty rangers, followed by a similarly loaded one and about a hundred friendly Tahnahuacan Indians.

"We camped that evening, concealing our force, and sent out scouts. Our enemy, the scouts reported, were hunting buffalo, and their camp was just a few miles ahead. We moved during the night, and at daybreak came within sight of the Comanche lodges. Eighty of these we counted, which, allowing four male fighters to a lodge, brought up the fighting force to something like 300 braves. Just at sunup a hostile Indian on horseback appeared, and at once excitement broke loose among my own Indians, and they yelled and gave the whole scheme away, for the solitary rider, of course, heard them.

"The Tahnahuacans were ordered out in front, so that we could keep the rangers as a sort of surprise. Then we charged, raising the Texas yell and bearing down on the Comanches like a living avalanche. The fight proved one sided. About those days the mere yell of the rangers was enough to strike terror to the heart of a small band of Indians, and here, though the enemy was in sufficient numbers to make resistance, there seemed a thousand rangers the way they were spread out. The Comanches cut and ran, deserting everything and spreading families so that it was impossible almost to follow any one band. So we decided to come back, having slain more than fifty of them. All about us we could make out Indians skulking at a safe distance in the hills, and we were just ready to proceed to a proper looting of the place to recover stolen goods when a second and much larger outfit of Indians hove up out of nowhere and prepared to fight.

"One huge Indian on the opposite side dared any Indian on our side to come out to fight him single handed, and five of the Tahnahuacans went down in single combat before we turned the rangers loose. After all the fight made was more spectacular than bloody. The instant the rangers were released the Indians fled for dear life, and only those that blundered into range were killed or dropped."

OVER THE CLIFF IN AN AUTO.

How a Young Woman Met Death in a Peculiar and Awful Way.

Instantly killed by an automobile accident on a steep road near Arden, N. Y., in the Ramapo hills, was the dreadful fate of Miss Cornelia Herrick, a seventeen-year-old girl.

Dr. Rushmore, the girl's uncle, had received a call from a patient some distance away and invited his niece to accompany him in his automobile. The place where the accident occurred is a steep and winding road that climbs a lofty hill.

The road was cut through the thick wood and in places was blasted from the solid rock. On one side is a declivity of more than 100 feet, while on the other side the hill towers up almost straight. The road is crooked and is



THE AUTO SPILLED ITS OCCUPANTS.

regarded as dangerous by drivers, any of whom will not attempt it with a fraction team.

The road is scarcely wide enough for two carriages to pass. Dense shrubbery and almost primeval forest skirt it on one side.

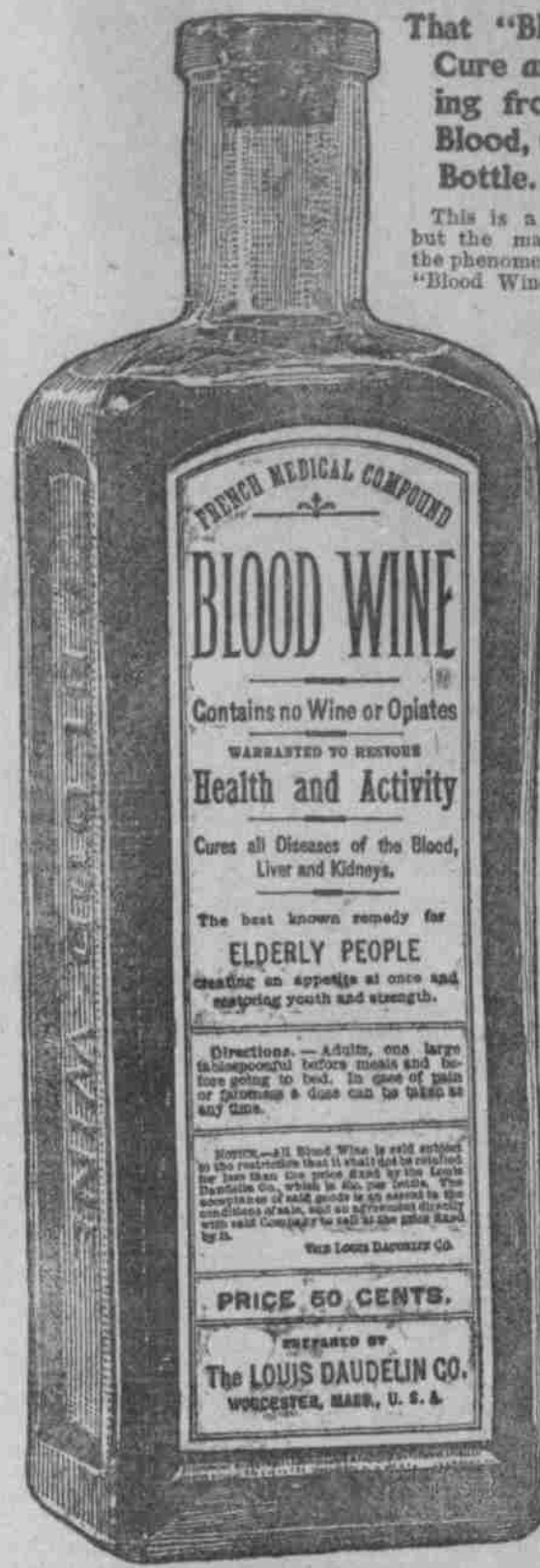
Dr. Rushmore had been over the road often enough to know its dangers. The auto had proceeded slowly about 300 feet up the hill when Dr. Rushmore halted it to generate more steam.

After a few moments the doctor started up again, and he had gone only a little way when something happened.

The auto stopped abruptly and then began to move backward, gaining fresh speed with every second. The doctor tried to put on the brake. It would not work. Hurrying down the tremendous hill backward, the auto veered toward the edge of the road.

Dr. Rushmore could not control it, could not guide it, could not stop it. There was nothing to stop it except a little hemlock hedge. It passed through that like a knife through water and fell, spilling its occupants. Miss Herrick was instantly killed. Dr. Rushmore was terribly injured, but will recover.

A GUARANTEE



That "Blood Wine" will Cure any Trouble Arising from Disease in the Blood, Goes with Every Bottle.

This is a pretty strong guarantee, but the manufacturers are seeing the phenomenal results obtained from "Blood Wine" during the last few years are justified and willing to make such a statement. A great many diseases are caused by disease in the blood, but how many? Rheumatism, kidney disease, consumption, stomach and liver complaints, scurvy and general weakness are all produced by disease in the blood, and carry it from place to place. Get this disease, and you will get it. "Blood Wine" if properly taken, and the rules regarding sleep and exercise are considered, will cure you, and in an astonishingly short time. It contains no wine or opiates and is pleasant to take.

BAIRNETH, O.
"I wish to give my testimonial to that of many others in saying that 'Blood Wine' has accomplished wonders for me, and I can highly recommend it to other sufferers who are weak, run down and subject to weak lungs and heart."

JOHN H. WYCHER.

AUBURN, ME.
Gentlemen:—I have used your 'Blood Wine' with great results. My kidneys and liver were all out of order, and after taking a dozen bottles I am entirely cured and feel like a new man. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to anyone suffering in a like manner."

OSCAR LORD.
M. Gifford of Johnstown, N. Y., who was probably saved from the ravages of consumption, says:

"Last November I had a severe attack of the grip, which left me in a very weak condition. I was advised to try 'Blood Wine,' which I did. I purchased five bottles at Cahill's Drug Store, and since taking them I have increased in weight and am thoroughly well again. It is indeed a great medicine."

E. A. DROWN, 48 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

"PARSIFAL" IN NEW YORK

Mme. Wagner's Views on Conried's Opera Project.

WHY SHE OPPOSES PERFORMANCE.

Wife of Famous Composer Bases Her Objection on the Fact That the Creator of the Opera Intended It to Be Permanently Reserved For the Baireuth Theater.

Thomas Stockham Baker, the special representative of Harper's Weekly at Baireuth, Germany, had the following interview with Frau Cosima Wagner, the wife of the composer, on the proposed American production of Wagner's "Parsifal" in New York:

"You are certainly a very busy woman, Frau Wagner," I said. "Do you not find your labors too severe?"

"It is not the work which exhausts me. Work rests me; but there are other things," she said.

"Parsifal" in New York?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, we must oppose the performance of 'Parsifal' in any other place than in the Baireuth Festival theater. The creator of the work expressed very clearly his desire that 'Parsifal' should be given solely here. It is not at all a question whether the performance in America can injure Baireuth, but merely whether we shall obey the direct commands of the master. Of course I expected that the Baireuth artists would take no part in Mr. Conried's performance and that German singers in general would have too much professional honor and artistic pride to help in the production of a work in direct opposition to the wishes of Richard Wagner."

"What is the true state of the case in regard to the singers who have appeared here?" I asked.

"As soon as I heard that Van Rooy had accepted Mr. Conried's offer I inquired of him whether this was true. He replied that he had pledged himself to learn two new Wagner roles, and he hoped that 'Parsifal' would not be one of them, but he could not break his contract. He said he wanted to visit me to get my advice. I wrote to him that he must not break his contract, but that he should have made it a condition, as did Felix Mottl, that he would not have to appear in 'Parsifal.' I was very glad to go over the matter with him and wrote him that there was such a thing as an artist's honor, and one could not do everything merely for money. He did not come to see me, and I wrote again to him, stating what I had said to him, and that I was very glad to go over the matter with him and wrote him that there was such a thing as an artist's honor, and one could not do everything merely for money. 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